

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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At the Theatres.



Of late years John T. Raymond has devoted himself almost exclusively to the illustration of native character. In *The Mighty Dollar*, *Fresh*, *Sleepy Hollow* and *Risks* he has shown a marked talent for delineating the peculiarities of the American. No other actor has confined himself to this line of work, and we doubt if any other actor could succeed so thoroughly in popularizing it. Raymond himself is a typical American. He is a notable example of the wiry, sturdy, good-natured, quick-witted, kind-hearted, drily-humorous citizen indigenous to the soil of North America. His voice has the strident twang, his face the interrogatory expression, his figure the cool bearing of your true Yankee. His methods are simple; his fun is natural, and his presence happy. For the first time in this city he presented his latest characterization, Major Bob Belter, in a play by George H. Jessop and William Gill, called *In Paradise*. There was a good-sized audience at the Grand Opera House, among whom we noticed many of Raymond's friends who used to gather in force at his perennial invasions at the Park.

Raymond, as Major Bob, made a hit—the comedy didn't. It's slangy dialogue was too appalling even for the *habitués* of a West-side theatre. Even the gallery quailed before it. But Raymond acted with such exuberant humor that the faults of the play were sunk to insignificance beside the capital performance of the star. With the plot of *In Paradise* our readers are familiar, as it was published in detail in these columns not longer than a week ago. The most glaring fault is that the plot is forestalled in the second act, and all interest in what follows would be totally dead were it not for Mr. Raymond's meritorious acting. The moment the wronged wife of the villain, who is striving to ensnare the heroine of the piece, comes on the scene, everybody knows what the *finale* of the piece will be, and although Major Belter covers the aggrieved spouse's head with a table-cover to conceal her from her recreant husband's view, he does not cover up the knowledge of what the denouement will be. The audience were sorry to find the old, old story and the thrusting of it forward so early in the play; but they settled down resigned to the inevitable and watched and laughed at Raymond's fun during the rest of the evening. Major Bob is a Virginian of the *ante-bellum* stripe, who goes West to seek a fortune at the conclusion of the late "unpleasantness." Afterwards he turns up as a successful lawyer in Chicago. He is a kindly, jovial man, whose business consists chiefly in foiling the villain, bringing the nice young man and the nice young girl together, and making love to a spinster schoolma'am, whom he loved long ago "in ole Virginny, by Gad, sah." Raymond's make-up was very good. Major Bob is a strongly outlined characterization. But the play is not a good enough vehicle to carry Raymond; in fact, it may be said that Raymond gets out and carries the vehicle pretty nearly all the time.

The company is composed of the same ladies and gentlemen who have travelled with it the past two seasons. George F. De Vere, a very capable actor, played Francis Rawdon, a gambler and adventurer. Except in the love scene in Act Four his acting was good. O. H. Barr as Stephen Dallas, the nice young man, was so manly and straightforward that he made his part palatable to the audience. That was achieving a pretty big thing, for Stephen is exactly the sort of milk-and-water character that a gallery loves to "guy." J. F. Dean, who played a drunken miner, Old Joe, was only on in the first act; but he acquitted himself creditably. Harry Pearson was satisfactory as Belter's partner, Dewitt Duxum. John Marble had a most offensive part in Bartley Binks. We are sorry to say he added in a measure to its offensiveness by the manner in which he played it. Binks is a lawyer's clerk, who behaves like a hoodlum and talks like Mose and a modern Bowery boy combined. Slang, modern and antiquated, pours from this individual's lips in an unceasing cataract, and it entirely drowns the laughter that a little of it might excite among the skylarks. Such a vulgar party as Binks, if he could be endured as an employé in a law-office, would certainly be barred from the privileges of a gentleman's parlor. Binks, however, has *entré* everywhere. Mr. Marble has a voice, and it is naturally loud and coarse enough to penetrate to all portions of the Grand without elevating it to a pitch and ejecting it with a force that seriously threatens the tympani of the audience. A little of it travels a good way. Stella Boniface played Melia; the nice young girl,

very well. In emotional scenes, however, she was painfully stagey. Lizzie Creese played Priscilla Fagg admirably; but she did not make up to look sufficiently advanced in years. Unless we are greatly mistaken, we distinctly heard Miss Creese say "I done" in the third act of the piece—a slip of the tongue, no doubt. Ruth Cowles, a pretty little woman, was the deserted wife, Annie Lovell. Deserted wives don't run about in aesthetic walking-skirts, long black kids and cute poke bonnets. These adjuncts set off Miss Cowles' prettiness excellently; but a plain black gown and simple hat would have been more in character. However, the lady acted neatly. The play was well mounted. The stage of the Opera House has never been so well set as in the fourth act.

The *Black Flag* was presented at Niblo's Monday night to a good house. Goodwin has elaborated his part so that it now stands boldly out and is heavily laden with that purely figurative substance yclept by actors "fat." Ned Thorne's acting as the hero of the drama has increased in manliness and vigor, and a very pleasing interpretation of the other parts is given by the company.

MARY ANDERSON'S career has been in many respects an extraordinary one. Steadily and quickly she has risen to the enjoyment of a popularity, a fame and an income that few actresses have ever enjoyed. Beauty of character and person and acute perception were not solely the causes of her rapid ascent to a dazzling position—she is one of those rare creatures that are gifted with the divine spark of dramatic genius. Were it not for the possession of this precious fire no amount of intelligence or comeliness would have brought Mary Anderson to the enviable station she now fills. The path to greatness is tortuous and tedious to the intellectual plodder who measures every step with care and deliberation—the genius, by a swift and brilliant flight, attains the goal without fatigue or pain. The fable of the Hare and the Tortoise does not apply to such cases in the theatrical race. The Hare outdistances the slower antagonist if the journey be not too long.

Two years ago we detected symptoms of retrogression in Miss Anderson's acting. We feared that certain maiden faults had become crystallized and that she would soon begin moving backward instead of continuing to progress. But if our fears seemed well-founded then, the past two seasons have proved them to be groundless. That period marks a most important advance in her art, which was very palpable to the large audience that saw the lady at the Fifth Avenue Monday night as Pauline. Her defects have disappeared and the qualities that heretofore commanded our admiration have increased and intensified.

The *Lady of Lyons* is a play that stands ill in the graces of managers and actors. Usually it is relegated to matinee performances, and the idea of making it a night attraction is not often entertained. We were surprised that Dr. Griffin should put it up as the opening bill for Miss Anderson's engagement; but after witnessing the star's magnificent acting of the chief rôle, which at once illustrated her improvement and her power, we concluded that the good Doctor had prescribed the proper tonic.

We do not remember having seen so good a Pauline as that Miss Anderson gave us. Bulwer's language is stilted and his story unnatural; but the actress succeeded in putting genuine life and feeling into the part and created an impression that obliterated even Neilson's acting of the heroine. The third and fifth acts she played with great feeling, and the varied emotions of passion and grief were finely manifested. Mary Anderson is without doubt the representative Pauline—unequaled, unapproached.

We regret that we cannot speak in corresponding terms of the company. With the single exception of H. B. Norman, who gave a capital performance of *Damas*, the rest of the cast was inefficient. Robert L. Downing, the leading man, made a wretched Claude. His name ought not to appear on the bills in bigger letters than the others until he is worthy of the distinction.

The *Lady of Lyons* was repeated Tuesday and Thursday. On Thursday Miss Anderson will appear as Berthe in the *Daughter of Roland*. This is a play by a French count named De Bourmier, translated into English by Annie Ford, the daughter of the Baltimore and Washington manager. The plot is as follows: The scene is laid in France, toward the end of Charlemagne's reign, and deals with incidents growing out of the death of Roland, the nephew and Captain of Charlemagne, who has been sacrificed by the treachery of an officer named Ganalón. Ganalón, for this, was doomed by Charlemagne to be tortured, bound to the back of a horse, and sent adrift in the forest, the intention being that he should become a prey to wolves and vultures. He does not die, but falls into the hands of pious monks, who release him from his bonds and rescue him from his fate. Under an assumed name he performs vigilante services for his King, but is haunted by the fear that his son, Gerald, will one day learn his story, and abhor

him for his crime. An accident brings Berthe to the Castle of Ganalón. She falls in love with Gerald, and after a succession of incidents, culminating in the discovery of Ganalón's identity, the lovers are united.

Mr. Barnay, as he appeared on Monday at the Thalia in Graf Waldemar, is a good actor, but no more. He has a fine presence, strongly reminding us of the Crown Prince of Prussia, a good, deep voice, well modulated, an accent favoring of the well-educated middle-class German, and a natural manner. There was no room for any more in the play, which is far, very far removed from our notions of a "star" piece. Graf Waldemar has no more to do than others in the cast. He merely does it rather better; that is all. The Herr Graf himself is a selfish cad with whom it is quite impossible for any right-minded man to be in sympathy. A Teutonic Rochester with all Rochester's faults, and a few more (German ones) to give the local color. *Ergo*, he is beloved by all womankind; of course, brutes always are. Mr. Barnay made him as little repulsive as the author would permit. We especially liked his brotherly idea of taking his co-worker in the scene, male or female, on with him hand in hand when recalled. It savored of Saxe-Meiningen reciprocity and was pleasant to behold. The piece was played for all that it was worth. Herr Reinau gave an admirable picture of a Russian swindler and bully as Prince Uduschkin. His legs and trousers were characteristic and suggested the horsey cad most unequivocally. How is it that a man's lower limbs are the first to betray him? Box, the valet, was capably acted by Mr. Conried. The quiet manner in which he handed the Prince's hat to him without a word, on his Highness' being discovered cheating at cards, was a genuine touch of art. The Gertrude of Mrs. Moser-Spener was a truly charming performance, full of quiet force and a quality of easiness that made her the queen of the evening. Miss Wolff, as the Princess Uduschkin, sailed about in black silk and lace, as we are told Mrs. Siddons used to do, and acted a very ungrateful part exceedingly well in spite of her funeral garments, in which no lady of modern days could possibly appear without being seized as a lunatic afflicted with melancholia and dressing to suit. Actresses should remember that, despite of tradition, villains dress precisely like other people now-a-days. Character-costuming has quite gone out of date in society, and should go out of use on the stage, which is but the reflex of society. The little boy, Hans, was beautifully done by Ella Stoerk. Most stage children are bores; but little Miss Stoerk was a pleasure to see. In fact, the acting all round was excellent—the piece, naught.

The illness of Charles Thorne last Wednesday night put Manager Stetson in what is colloquially denominated "a hole." The actor, although prostrated early in the day, hoped to get through his part in *The Corsican Brothers* at night. At seven o'clock his physician forbade him to leave his bed, and Mr. Thorne was physically unable to disobey had he minded to have done so. Stetson at such short notice was of course prevented from getting a substitute and the theatre was closed. On Thursday it opened, and Clinton Hall read the parts of Fabien and Louis—and read them badly. He had several hours time for preparation, but lacked either ability or nerve to grasp a royal chance of distinguishing himself. It is unlikely that he will ever get such another brilliant opportunity. At all events he might have given the lines an intelligent reading. On Saturday Frank Bangs—whose study is slow—got himself up in Mr. Thorne's parts and played them most acceptably. On Monday he manifested visible improvement and carried the audience with him from the beginning to end of the drama. Theodore Hamilton, who has not played here for several years, assumed the rôle of Chateau Renaud, and was well received. The houses of course were somewhat affected last week by the news of Thorne's illness, but under the circumstances they were large. This week thus far the receipts have been big.

She Would and She Wouldn't, the old comedy by Colley Cibber, is being done at Duff's. As far as we are concerned, we wouldn't, and the public agrees with us by going elsewhere. Duff would, however, and that accounts for it. Ada Rehan may be good in modern pieces; she certainly is not in the old comedies. The lines of the Son-in-Law she speaks nicely; the wit of old Cibber falls flat from her lips. The rest of the company are equally mis-cast, and acquit themselves accordingly.

Helen Bancroft will appear as Julia at the Turf Club Theatre, supported by a good company, on Monday next. Ben Baker, Hart Conway, Alice Brooks and Clinton Hall are engaged. The performances will continue one week. They are under the direction of Maze Edwards.

In our notice of *A Parisian Romance*, last week, we neglected accidentally to mention the acting of Richard Mansfield, who plays the Baron Chevalier. It is an elaborate piece of character work, somewhat exaggerated, a little disgusting, but thoroughly artistic and very effective. The spectacle of a senile *rom* dying of apoplexy among a bevy of ballet-girls at a

wine supper is not edifying, to say the least; but Mansfield's intense acting, and its startling climax at this portion of the play, arouse the audience to a pitch of genuine enthusiasm. The call he unavoidably gets is well deserved; but it would be more consistent with art to drop the "shakes" and decrepit bearing of the Baron on bowing to the audience. The Baron is dead—the people bestow their applause upon the actor—not the character he has been performing—and it is the actor in *propria persona* that they want to see and honor. Mr. de Belleville, Misses Jewett, Vernon and Carey, and John Parselle contribute materially to the success of the play. The set in Act Four is the finest scene ever exhibited on the New York stage, and the management can justly advertise that fact. The houses have been crowded—except at the Saturday matinee—and there is a heavy take extending over the coming fortnight. *The Parisian Romance* is an absorbing story, exquisitely mounted and played.

Emmet, at Haverly's, is greeted with an unbroken succession of crowded houses. The sweet songs, the graceful dances, the \$2.50 dog furnish a pleasant evening's amusement.

The McSorleys are an increasing fund of enjoyment to those who visit the Comique, and their comical adventures will please an anchorite. Every night the theatre is well filled.

Next Wednesday H. B. Lonsdale and Charles Harris take a benefit at the Standard, where reminiscent scraps of Gilbert and Sullivan will be presented. To reward what private or public, personal or professional services performed by the twain in question, is this benefit to be given? We doubt if a dozen paying patrons of the Standard know Mr. Lonsdale from Adam. As for Mr. Harris, has he not always received his salary regularly?

This is the fourth month of young Mrs. Winthrop at the Madison Square. On Friday last the one-hundredth performance was celebrated. Elegant souvenirs of the event were given to the audience. They consisted of sets of reproductions of clay medallions printed in brown and olive-green. As a work of art the souvenir surpasses any of its many beautiful predecessors.

Muldoon's Picnic at Tony Pastor's is a veritable screamer, and is greeted by large and laughing audiences nightly. The variety features are entertaining, making the bill, on the whole, the best the management have favored us with this season.

The San Francisco Minstrels announce the last nights of their *Iolanthe* travesty. Other novelties are in preparation. The first-part is a gem of fun and sweet song.

The Musical Mirror.

The Philharmonic Club gave a very pleasant and even instructive concert of chamber music at Chickering Hall on Tuesday last, assisted by Adele Margulies, pianiste, and Max Lieblich. Onslow's Quintette in G Minor, op. 76, was admirably played by Miss Margulies and Messrs. Arnold, Gramm, Werner and Kulkhof. This composition, although somewhat rucoco in style, is yet full of beauties, and the piano part is managed with consummate skill. The Largo and Romanze were charmingly given. The *Suite*, op. 34 (new), by Franz Ries, for violin and piano, was exquisitely performed by Messrs. Arnold and Lieblich and is a very interesting composition. We were especially delighted with the "Tempo di Bourre" and the "Andante con Noto (Gondoliera), which are full of melody and admirably worked. Heinrich Hoffman's Sextette in D Major, op. 65 (M.S.), expressly composed for and dedicated to the Club, went very well indeed, and showed up very favorably against the other compositions presented during the evening. Too much praise cannot be given to this admirable organization for their careful and artistic endeavor to make really good chamber music "familiar in our mouths as household words." We were glad to see the hall so well filled. There is no more elevating style in music than those compositions "di camera" that combine artistic excellence with home feeling and offer a worthy example to our amateurs and a goal for their endeavors.

Although THE MIRROR disapproves of the *Passion* as a subject for stage representation, there can be but one opinion as to its fitness for musical illustration. The Divine poem is worthy of the best efforts of the divine art, and received in the light of an oratorio, there can be no desecration in setting a sublime subject to sublime music. Oscar Weil has succeeded in giving a musical setting to that part of the text entrusted to his care that is fully worthy of the subject. His music is wholly original, from the first note of the prelude to the last of the dirge, "Save the Dance," the subject of which was brought from abroad and arranged by Fred Lyster. The Allegretto Fugue is a truly grand composition, and the entire tone of the music, from its Oriental beginning in the Temple of Solomon to its Christian development, is full of light and color. The foundation chorale, "Oh, Haupt, vali Blut und Wunden," is the

same as that used by John Sebastian Bach in his sublime "Passion-Musik," but is treated in a totally different manner, and is made the nucleus of a series of contrapuntal designs, most admirably worked out, and yet in no way stiff or old-fashioned. Taken solely from a musical standpoint, the *Passion* is an exquisite harmonic dream that can offend none.

The Sunday night concert at the Casino was well attended, and the programme was agreeable. The band is good, decidedly good, and the singers are fair. Mr. Chatterton (Signor Perugini) is our very best English opera tenor, and in concert does exceedingly well. Mme. Juch has a pretty little voice, and sings nicely when not over-weighted, as she was in "The Shadow Song." Mme. Seguin is a reliable mezzo-soprano, who does nothing badly nor nothing much above the average—a good steady singer of the middle class. Mme. Ravash is not very ravishing on the piano-forte; but she will pass. Max and Rudolph looked well, as usual.

The Queen's Lace Handkerchief is doing well, thanks to the unstinted stage-setting, the talent of most of the artists, the perfection of the band and the goodness of the chorus. It owes but little to the music and nothing to the text, which is simply trash, trashily put together and dully translated.

Virginia is doing well at the Bijou, for the same very sufficient reasons that save its congener in musical dullness, *The Lace Handkerchief*, at the Casino, and its first cousin, the *Iolanthe*, at the Standard. All three are poor works, musically considered, although *Iolanthe* is by far the best of the lot; but they are saved from oblivion by the excellence of the performance and the liberality of the setting. What a pity it is that our enterprising managers have not themselves, or do not employ, sufficient discrimination and judgment beforehand, as to the quality of the work they pay for so liberally and put forward so gorgeously. Then should we be saved the endurance and they the expense of such inanities as *Claude Duval*, *The Vicar of Bray*, etc., etc.

Professional Doings.

The full company to support Miss Bancroft in *The Hunchback*, at the Turf Club Theatre, next Monday, 22d inst., is as follows: J. Clinton Hall, Myron Leffingwell, Hart Conway, William Royston, Ben A. Baker, John Sutherland, Leslie Edmunds, George T. Nash, Robert Eldridge, Thomas Atkins, and Alice Brooke.

M. B. Leavitt, while in San Francisco, engaged Ferguson and Mack and Bonnie Runnells and added them to his All-Star company. On the return Eastward, the company was divided, one portion playing the towns on the Southern Pacific, and the other returning via the Central Pacific. Both companies unite at Denver, and play there during the week of February 12.

Our Buffalo correspondent writes: "Margaret Mather's week in Buffalo was a wonderful engagement. The house was jammed night after night, and her last appearance as Juliet, at the Saturday matinee, brought out more admirers than the Academy would hold. Ladies who could not find standing room below invaded the gallery gods' preserve."

M. N. Haviland, the member of Frank Mayo's company who recently disappeared, and was afterward found in a hospital at Houston, died in that city on Tuesday night. He was a native of Buffalo, N. Y. As soon as intelligence of his death was received in this city, Dan Frohman, on behalf of the trustees of the Actors' Fund, took charge of the case, and will have the dead actor's remains brought to Buffalo for interment.

There will be two Tourist companies on the road next season, both owned and managed by W. H. Brown. The Mestayer company (under the same management) has had unusual prosperity this season, and this has encouraged the manager to take the step mentioned. Company No. 1 (Mestayer's) will open the season at Oakland Gardens, Boston, August 13. No. 2 will open at Hooley's, Chicago, Sept. 9. Manager Brown says he opened in New Orleans Sunday night (7th) to \$1,200.

The Madison Square company of which Joe Hart is manager is now doing Young Mrs. Winthrop. The play was first presented at Newburg, N. Y., on last Thursday night. Manager Hart writes that its success is very flattering. On the first night, however, there was a little drawback. The Mrs. Dick Chetwyn of the cast, Mrs. Abell, was summoned to the deathbed of her mother, and the substitute dispatched from headquarters was unable to cross over from Fishkill to Newburg on account of the ice in the river.

The official announcement of the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival, promulgated Sunday, embraces the following programme: April 30, *Julius Caesar*; May 1, *Romeo and Juliet*; 2nd (matinee), *The Hunchback*; 2nd (evening), *Much Ado About Nothing*; 3d, *Othello*; 4th, *Hamlet*; 5th (matinee), *Julius Caesar*; 5th (evening), *Othello*. The chief participants will be John McCullough, James E. Murdoch, Lawrence Barrett, Nat Goodwin, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris and Mlle. Rhea. Negotiations are pending to secure William Warren or John Gilbert for the rôle of Dogberry, in *Much Ado*, and in the event of inability to secure either artist, Manager John Ellsler will in all probability play the part.

The managerial force of the Callender Minstrels has been changed somewhat. The staff is now as follows: Gustave and Charles Frohman, proprietors; Howard Spear, manager; William Welch, amusement director; Charles A. Davis, director of advance publications; R. C. Campbell, business manager; George A. Miller, advertising agent; Frank Knowland, assistant advertising agent. The Frohmans have closed their Nos. 2 and 3 minstrel companies, and added the principal members to the No. 1 company. They play at the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, this week. The management gives a professional matinee today (Thursday). Invitations have been extended to all the professionals in the city and a pleasant time is anticipated.

The Giddy Gusher



ON THE SYMPATHETIC HUMAN HEART.

I've made up my mind to go to my friend Joseph Mora and get a second hand-screw—one of those cast-iron, vice-like contrivances that imprison the human skull while photography does its fatal work. I will cart this to theatres with me, and impale the coo-anut in front of me on its tines like a doughnut on a fork. You see I am desperate, and if you meet me in the lobby of—well, say the Bijou (that's the worst floor in the city for an audience), lugging something that looks like the original old cross-bow gun Edward introduced at the battle of Cressy, don't be afraid; it's not ammunition—it's my apparatus for seeing the show.

The first night of Virginia I sat behind a big woman who always accompanies an old musical critic to the theatres. She wears on her devoted head a regular old-timer waterfall; the hair of half a dozen women is piled up the back, sides and top. On this hirsute construction she throws out little hair curls and wens. I suppose she would term them puffs. And then she clasps on an Alpine hat with the spoils of a herd of ostriches waving above. This cheerful woman betrays symptoms of palsy, St. Vitus' dance and epilepsy. That blessed head of hers bobs and wiggles and shakes like the topknot of a Chinese mandarin. I sat the other night in blissful ignorance of the stage, till it struck me I'd like to see my pretty little friend Nelly Weathersby in her nobby top-coat. I scrooched and peeked under the right earring of this theatrical abomination. In an instant that loophole was lost and the head ducked to the right. Here was my chance. I flew for the opening at the left. Old fuss-and-feathers was back as quick as I. This operation was repeated twenty times a minute. So I gave up further attempt to see the performance and watched the waving head, now up, now down; now right and left. Oh, Jacob's Oil! how I did wish she might have a stiff neck for about half an hour!

I heard Miss Annie Prince (the princess of evening hatters) say to a young girl, the other day, in reference to a tremendous "fish-wife" poke: "That's a charming hat for a private box; but I feel sure you would be too considerate of other people's comfort to wear such an obstruction in the stall." And the young lady abandoned the idea of buying for evening wear a bonnet that would have carried terror to the hearts of her neighbors.

Next to the girl with the dreadful big hat and the old hen with the hair ebullient, comes the ruffian who rolls up his coat and sits on it. It's a sure sign he's in an impecunious condition and is wearing old clothes. No man ruthlessly rolls a valuable garment and drops on it as if he were a pile-driver. And if the coat is a good one, then he's an unbroken countryman fixed up to "go to York." He has a wild idea that some one will steal that new overcoat unless he has it under him, or he has been used to the soft side of a wooden bench, and got into the habit of tempering the tough board to the tender pantaloons by making a sandwich of himself, his coat and a section of hickory (man-like, getting the meat in the wrong place). An inspiring spectacle is a procession of Peter Cooper, the ex-Mayor and the air-pillow. Sometimes Peter goes, already blown up, with the air-pillow on his arm; sometimes the ex-Mayor bears it under his coat, folded up. It's one of the old-fashioned kind—built like a life-preserver, round, with a hole in the middle. They don't go to theatres often, if ever; but the Gusher is in for all sorts of wild excitement, and therefore takes in Geographical Society meetings and ratifications and debates. So in the bowels of the earth, over the corner of Eighth street and Third avenue, she has often come upon the blowing up of Peter when he has come with his cushion in a collapsed state. But Peter is called a philanthropist, and I honestly believe in his tripelike old pericardium—there's as much good will to man as is found in the human heart. If he thought he was obstructing any fellow-creature's view of Chief-Justice Daly's geographical legs, he would blow off his cushion as quick as a wink. Heaven bless him!

Not so the hair-raising woman or the coat-

roosting man. They are as careless of the feelings of others as they are careful of their own; but the hour of retribution draws nigh. I'm going to get the head-screw of Mora, and I'm equal to applying it red-hot, as I did the plaster to Charlotte Cushman's back. I never told you about that, did I? Well, I must, for it's funny.

Charlotte was stopping in the same hotel with me once, many years ago. She had a faithful colored maid and a Scotch terrier as traveling companions. Lottie was not extravagant; so, dispensing with a carriage the first night of her engagement, the dog the maid and the tragedienne set off to find the back door of the theatre. It was not more than three blocks away; but in a blinding blizzard of a storm, it took her some three-quarters of an hour to reach it by going quite out of town and coming in by a cross-lot cowpath. She took a fearful cold, and after delighting the youthful Gusher with her marvellous Meg Merriles, won her heart completely by asking her to share her supper. It was during this supper that the subject of a plaster was broached. The cherished dog was taken wheezy, and the maid began rubbing its throat with camphorated oil. Charlotte produced a lovely kid plaster, thickly spread with a black mixture like tar.

"Now, warm that well," she said, "and put it just between my shoulders."

My acquaintance with Burgundy pitch in plasters was limited. I held the blamed thing to a roaring grate fire, while Miss Cushman let down the neck of her dress. When the plaster began to melt in the fervid heat, and my fingers were well scorched, I clapped it on the unfortunate actress' back, and a howl went up to Heaven that shook the roof.

"Take it off!" she shrieked. It wouldn't come off, and it didn't come off; it stopped where it was and sizzled, and we had doctors and all sorts of curatives for burns, and I was in disgrace (as usual). This digression has little to do with the subject, only to show how likely I am to give folks things red-hot when my sympathy is aroused.

I have been studying up the various exhibitions of this divine quality, Sympathy, that have been made during the week, and have come to the conclusion that I want as little of it in mine as Fate can conveniently give me. To begin with, one has to burst something or break something before they know how much the world is affected by their misfortunes; and it's going through a great deal to acquire, a very little. Two weeks ago, if I had said that Charles Thorne owed his reputation to a handsome presence, Cazauran and Parselle, I should have had a small following. To-day I can glean, between here and Union square, information to prove that he never was an actor; that he has always been crazy; that he is an ignorant, conceited upstart; that he has not a particle of chivalry or gallantry; that his physique was all padding; that he's lost his mind; that he never had any mind; that he's a duffer; that he lets his wife black his boots; that he has no wife; that he has an assortment of wives; that it was the reflected lustre of the other truly great artists of Palmer's company that made his reign in the Union Square of any account—and a lot more sympathy of that sort.

All this in one week has been discovered by the lurid light of disaster. I suppose I have heard fifty different remarks upon Thorne's condition since his collapse, and not one of them contained a grain of that precious quality—sympathy.

Then take the case of this Miss Garrison in St. Louis. The morning the details of her abduction got into the papers here I happened to be pursuing my study of human sympathy in a hotel parlor—one of those pretentious family hotels, where the ladies get themselves up in beautiful breakfast caps and plush morning robes, where French *bonnes* and French *bonbons* bring up the wealthy little children, and where a morning robe is given to friends and enemies in the parlors after breakfast. A benevolent-looking old lady, very richly dressed, poring over the *Herald*, looks up and opens the ball.

"Distressing that for the Garrisons."

Mrs. Downtown Lawyer's wife: "I should say so; the girl's ruined for life."

Miss Snip, the belle of the Family Hotel: "The idea of her being abducted—it's quite too ridiculous."

"She's a brazen piece, and it will be a dreadful thing for the Commodore's wife," chips in another.

A stout young woman in whose mild eyes I read all lovable, kindly qualities, lays down her crochet needle and turns to the discussing club by the grate.

"The idea of arresting anybody," she exclaimed, "why that shameful mix went and abducted herself. It'll all come out; that is, if it ain't hushed up by influential friends. It's a pity it should be, for I imagine the truth would be a rich story."

Here was the sympathy of the women. And I started by an Elevated train to reach that placid atmosphere peculiar to the Gusher's home. On the cars a nice, jolly, fatherly old broker, en route to his Wall street menagerie, folds his *Times* and remarks to his neighbor: "That escapade of the Garrison girl is rather diaphanous, eh?"

And his neighbor, who looks like a cream-cheese Bible-banger, puts into his evangelical

eye a world of wicked intelligence and slowly winks.

There you are—same thing all round. I went home and picked up a dear little girl in her fifth year, and anxious to learn if we are born so or grow so, I improvised a pitiful tale of a child I had met, whose father and mother had been killed on the Elevated road—the child left to the cold charity of a cruel world, was waiting at the railway station; with her doll, for help and friends.

"Is it a nice doll?" asked little Marie.

"A very nice doll; but what would you like to do for the poor girl?" I said.

"I'd like her doll," replied the infant; and I dropped her like a hot potato. We are born so without a doubt.

I don't suppose the theatrical profession absorbs all the sympathetic people; but nevertheless in its members one finds more of the quality than in any other class. They have the dreadful attribute of jealousy as a stand-off; but the good, old-fashioned virtues of charity and benevolence—the parents of sympathy—find an abiding place oftener in the theatrical heart than in any other. I was speaking of their marked generosity the other day to a well-known parson, and he kindly undertook to account for it by saying: "They get their money easy and don't know how to value it." It didn't take me long to prove to him that an actor's life might be a pleasant one, but it was far from being an easy one, and I needn't say I made him as mad as a hornet by summing up the life of a fashionable preacher as one of the most pronounced puddings in the whole human cook-book. This particular minister draws on his stock of Paley's Theology and Dusenbury's Evidences of Christianity for a weekly composition that he calls a sermon; he chucks in crumbs of the early moral poets; he quotes whole pages to support his text from the works of vigorous pulpit orators, who, having passed away, are duly published for living pastors' profit. This effusion, ground out in a delicious room called his study, he duly reads to a fashionable audience on Sunday; he goes home to a well-appointed house, where about everything, from the coal in his cellar to the books on his shelf, from the slippers on his feet to the dressing-gown on his back, are gifts of the congregation. In the country they always have a donation party all the year round. He gets his handsome parsonage rent free. The devout tailor knicks off half his bill before presentation. The church-going butcher does the same. Everything is let down very easy for the minister. Believing, as I do, that in a variety of forms we revisit this earth, I'm wishing very hard to arrive here next time in the shape of a popular parson. Then I'll show 'em how to run theology with a little sympathy (learned from artists) thrown in.

Every time there's a great calamity, or some private woe to alleviate, I'll start a course of lectures for the necessary funds, and make the celebrated clergymen give their services. I'll take the prominent shop-keepers of my congregation, and for some charitable object make them donate all the sales at one of their counters for an entire day. Just let me loose on the world in a ministerial capacity, and I'll endeavor to conduct the different pursuits and professions on the theatrical plan, and make a better showing in the cause of benevolence than the parsons do at present.

In the meanwhile there are the minor evils to interest and occupy the sympathetic

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

The One-Night Stands.

To ascertain the exact feeling in regard to THE MIRROR's effort to effect a reform in the one-night stands, our reporters were sent out yesterday to interview those managers in town who are interested in combinations. Their views were stated as follows:

DR. HAMILTON GRIFFIN,

the manager of Mary Anderson, said: "I am glad THE MIRROR is taking this stand, and hope success may attend its efforts. The country towns, especially throughout New England and the West, have been literally showed to death. You know, a Bowery attraction is usually as well advertised on the road as a star combination, and the prices of admission are always the same. The poor attraction usually pays well, and the publicity of the countrymen damages the real attraction. If Miss Anderson plays in America next season it will be only in large cities, where she can play at least one week."

JOHN STETSON

said that six attractions a week in a country town were four too many, and he hoped that THE MIRROR would accomplish what the combination managers have fought for in vain.

J. H. HAVERLY

was found at his Fourteenth Street Theatre, and expressed a lively interest in the movement. He said he hoped that success would crown the work. "It is the right move," said Mr. Haverly, "and if you effect a success, the manager may thank you for the fortunes they will undoubtedly make."

JOHN A. STEVENS.

"I am thoroughly in favor of your stand," said John A. Stevens. "I have often thought the matter over and wished that I had the management of every theatre in the country—not so much to make money as to control the attractions playing and to see at least one good house for a decent attraction. I have found that the country towns are showed too much, and though I always have large houses, yet I see that the whole business suffers from this indiscriminate booking."

COL. E. ALLSTON BROWN.

"My sentiments are the same as those ex-

pressed by Mr. Stevens and others," said Col. Brown. "and I hope THE MIRROR may be as successful in this movement as it was in propelling the Actors' Fund to a safe harbor."

THE CHASE BROTHERS,

managers of Mlle. Rhea and lessees of the Holyoke (Mass.) Opera House, said: "The Holyoke Opera House is situated in a city of some 20,000 inhabitants. We adopted a rule when the house was opened to never book more than two attractions a week; consequently on the show night the house is packed from the dome to the footlights. Though the city is a manufacturing town and a great many of the inhabitants do not understand English, yet attractions like Rhea, Anderson, McCullough, Raymond and the Madison Square companies invariably do a better business than variety or spectacular pieces. We will say, however, that on this plan the Holyoke Opera House has never had a poor night, and every attraction that has appeared in it has made money for itself as well as for us. We think this conclusively proves that your idea is the right one."

G. E. WILTON,

the manager of Emmet, said: "THE MIRROR's plan is excellent, and I hope that it will be carried out. I suppose some country managers who only rent will oppose it; but it will be a good thing for travelling companies."

S. M. HICKEY,

the manager of the new Cosmopolitan, said: "Go on, MIRROR, and accept my heartiest wishes as to the success of the movement."

TONY PASTOR.

"Yes," said genial Tony, "it is a move in the right direction, and you have just struck the right idea, as usual. Go ahead and make it a success, and accept the thanks of every level-headed manager."

JOHN T. RAYMOND

said: "I have no doubt but that you will reform a terrible abuse—at least, if you have the success you made of the Actors' Fund and in prosecuting the dramatic thieves. There's millions in it if you only keep at it and succeed."

J. W. COLLIER.

"It is a capital thing. There are no two ways about that. Every travelling manager will rise up and bless you if the reformation is completed. One-night stands will pay handsomely if they're given a chance."

CANCELLING DATES.

Our Trenton correspondent writes: "While the subject of one-night stands is being agitated in THE MIRROR, I would say that Trenton is called upon to support 'snap' shows put in to fill time of first-class attractions which have cancelled dates. This month there have cancelled so far—the Lingards, Harry Webber, Barlow-Wilson Minstrels, John A. Stevens, Maffit and Bartholomew, and Rice's Minstrels."

Professional Doings.

—Will S. Harkins has been engaged to play Ivan in Siberia.

—E. A. Locke's play called Mates was produced in Toronto for the first time Monday night.

—Lillian Ashby is convalescing. She is offered a juvenile position with the Lingards for next season.

—Bijou Heron will be married to Henry Miller on February 1, at St. Agnes Church, in this city.

—Mr. Harry Mills has doffed the uniform of a Pathfinder to don the garb of a Corinne Merriemack.

—Charles McGeachy, the irrepressible manager of the Professor company, has not been married to Cora Macy.

—It is untrue that Lillian Russell will go to the West Indies to recuperate her health. She will remain in New York.

—This is W. G. Davis' last season with Joseph Murphy. He will manage an opera house at Toronto next season.

—Snow, rain and slush render our streets decidedly unpleasant. The elements appear to be leagued against our managers.

—Manager James E. Fennessy, of the Coliseum Theatre, Cincinnati, is in the city arranging several vacant dates for his house.

—In consequence of Our Summer Boarders and Harry Richmond cancelling dates, the Jersey City Opera House is closed this week.

—Edward Connell, the baritone with a frog in his throat, has joined the Jeannie Winston Comic Opera company, now playing in Philadelphia.

—Charles Atkinson wishes to deny that his Jollities have disbanded. The company merely returned to Boston to reorganize. Several members left previous to that.

—Out of eighty-seven manuscript plays received at the Madison Square Theatre for consideration within the last six months, only two were retained for serious consideration.

—It was reported Saturday that Agnes Herndon had resigned from the Farmer's Daughter company; but as no confirmation has arrived the rumor may be set down as groundless.

—On account of the success of Young Mrs. Winthrop at the Madison Square, it has been decided not to withdraw that play until after Lent, when the new piece will be put on.

—Our Summer Boarders will settle, bag and baggage, at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, Monday, Jan. 29. The week commencing Feb. 12 will find them located in Philadelphia.

—Mr. Saffield resumes his series of concerts at Steinway Hall next month. Remenyi will be the principal attraction at the next concert, which takes place Saturday evening, Feb. 10.

—The Windsor Theatre never had a more successful season than this. Business is over sixty per cent. better than last Winter. The Windsor is the theatrical Mecca of the downtown East-sider.

—A. R. Cazauran is disgusted with the fuss certain papers made over the recent flutter at the Union Square. His apt remark to a reporter, "The fire was in Milwaukee," was characteristic of Caz.

—The company of the Thalia Theatre, together with the full orchestra, will be transferred to the Fifth Avenue Theatre on February 12, where they will appear in a new German opera, The Countess of Dewbury.

—Carrie Turner, who has been playing Hazel Kirke with the Couldock company, will start for San Francisco week after next to resume her original character of Constance in Young Mrs. Winslow at Baldwin's Theatre.

—The managers of the Clara Morris-Salvini combination are very desirous of obtaining the services of Bijou Heron; but she will play Hazel Kirke with the Couldock company, for which part she has exhibited decided ability.

—She Stoops to Conquer was revived last night at Wallack's before a large audience. Wallack played Young Marlowe and Ross Coghlan Miss Hardcastle. William Elton was the Tony Lumpkin. The performance was well received.

—There was a slight fire-scare in Henderson, Ky., on the night of the 4th. Old Shipmates was there on that date. There was a slight fire in the grocery on the ground floor of the Opera House, and Mordaunt and his company moved out their traps in short order.

—Lawrence Barrett was dined by the Dramatic Festival Association in Cincinnati on the 10th, at the Queen City Club, and among the participants were ex-Governor Noyes, George Ward Nichols, Uncle John Simpkinson, Al Thayer, of the *Enquirer* staff, and Bob Miles.

—Charlotte Thompson played the New Jane Eyre in the new Opera House at Pensacola, Florida, last Friday night, to the largest audience yet assembled within its walls. W. J. Scanlan appears in Friend and Foe on Saturday, and our correspondent there writes that he will have an ovation.

MR. E. L. WALTON. At Liberty. Season 1894-95.

JEANNIE WINSTON and ARTHUR H. BELL, with the Jeannie Winston Comic Opera Company.

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MISS ROSE COGHLAN. Wallack's Theatre. Season 1894-95.

MISS ETHEL SKELL. Disengaged. Southerner. Address Misses.

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MISS SARAH VAN HUYCK. Special Correspondent of The Mirror. Paris, France.

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MISS AMY NORTHCOTT. With Catharine Lewis Co. Disengaged.

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MR. ED. P. TEMPLE. Earl of Mount Ararat. Jollities. Bijou Theatre, Boston.

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MR. JAMES ARNOLD-MORRIS. Address Misses Office.

MR. G. D. CHAPLIN. With Jannaschek, season 1894-95.

MR. FRFD LESLIE. Rip, in L'Anquette's New Opera. Comedy Theatre, London.

MR. J. DUKE MURRAY. Business Agent Milton Nobles' Combination. 711 Fulton street, Chicago, Ill.

MR. FRED SACKETT. As Arthur Carrington. Madison Square Theatre. Hazel Kirke Company.

MR. MILTON NOBLES. May be addressed at his residence, No. 129 Pine Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MR. JOHN J. RUDDY. Assistant Treasurer. Booth's Theatre. 1894-95.

MR. J. W. PARSON PRICE. (Pupil of Garcia). Oratorio, Tenor, Voice and Art of Singing. 64 W. 12th St.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE)

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

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 Frohisher, Prof. J. E.
 Forster, Archie
 Forrester, Fannie
 Freeman, Lottie
 Floyd, Mgr.
 Freeman, Max
 Foster, Frank
 Florence, W. J.
 Guilford, D. C.
 Gardner, Frank L.
 Gill, William
 Gray, Miss
 Goodwin, Nat.
 Gunther, Archie
 Gaylor, Chas.
 Goodwin, Frank L.
 Granger, Maud
 Howe, J. S.
 Hamilton, Florence
 Hunter, Lillian
 Hawlin, J. H.
 Harris, Hamilton
 Harrison, James
 Hall, Pauline
 Haselberg, John
 Holm, Edward
 Irwin, Mrs. Selden
 Eace, Geo. E.
 Jewey, Geo. H.
 Johnson, Jennie
 Jackson, Theodore
 Jerome, Fred (s)
 Kennedy, M. A.
 Kester, Geo. W.
 Knight, Mr. and Mrs. (s)
 Klaw, Marc
 Lemberg, Prof. Louis

* * The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

A Question of Common Sense.

The interest in the remedy we propose for restoring the one-night stands to the favor they formerly enjoyed among combination managers increases. Since our last issue we have received letters from many theatre and hall proprietors in the small towns, assuring us of their complete accord with the changes proposed, and begging us to keep on urging their fellow-managers to adopt the rule next season of playing but one attraction a week. The appended extract is from a letter written to THE MIRROR by a successful Iowa manager:

Here is a fact to substantiate your theory. This season—as director of the Opera House here—I have persistently refused to book more than one or two companies per week. I have been vigorously assailed for pursuing this course, and have also lost several good attractions. The result is as follows: I have played precisely one-third less entertainments in the house up to Jan. 1, 1883, than I had for the corresponding time last season; but the gross receipts this season have been just \$750.05 more than during the same time last season, when I played one-third more companies.

Here are arguments that are indisputable and must appeal convincingly to doubters. They illustrate the practical workings of the plan we maintain to be the only salvation for the one-night stands. This manager has played but two-thirds the number of attractions he formerly presented; his gross receipts, with fewer companies, have been greater than before. That is conclusive proof of the fact that the inhabitants of small places will pay more money to one or two attractions a week than they will to five or six. A surfeit of amusements palls upon their taste. The Iowa town in question has liberally supported theatricals this season, and the limited number of visiting combinations have carried away larger profits than would have been shared among nearly twice their number, had the bookings been less discriminate. The lesson of this successful experiment is simple. Managers in small towns cannot dodge the issue. Their towns have got into disfavor with first-class combinations, and if they do not take immediate steps to counteract the evil, they will be able to fill their date-books only with slides and barnstormers.

The remedy is merely a question of the exercise of a little common sense.

A Hint to English Actors.

A well-known professional, who has retired from the stage, sends us the following letter for publication:

Editor New York Mirror:
 Some few years ago, Amy Faucit and George Belmore, both from England, and strangers here, died; and through the great kindness of W. J. Florence their remains were placed in his private lot at Greenwood. Stones have never been placed to mark the spot.

Now, when we have so many English actors and actresses among us, would it not be a graceful act on their part to subscribe among themselves, buy a nice grave, have the bodies carefully removed and place neat headstones over them? Respectfully,

AN AMERICAN ACTOR.

We are pleased to give publicity to the facts stated in An American Actor's letter, and heartily commend his suggestion to the professional countrymen and country-woman of the dead actress and actor. We are very much mistaken if they do not take immediate measures to prepare suitable resting-places for the remains. They will not allow themselves to be indebted any longer to the kindness of Mr. Florence, who cannot share the same ties of country and kindred that English actors must feel for Amy Faucit and George Belmore. THE MIRROR would suggest that the money be raised by private subscription, and that no assistance be asked or accepted from American professionals. Let the graves be solely the tribute of English artists to the memory of a brother and sister who died away from home.

The Herald and the Profession.

The Herald is a good advertising medium for theatrical people. It has not near so large a circulation as the Sun, but its theatre advertisements, especially on Sunday, are consulted by a majority of the theatre-goers of this city. During nine months of the year the receipts of that department average on week days \$225, and on Sundays \$300, aggregating altogether about \$2,200 a week. No other class patronizes Slim Jim's paper so extensively as the profession—they contribute very largely to its income.

Now, what does Slim Jim do for the profession? What return does he make for the generous allegiance that materially helps him to fling his heels in London, Paris, and other gay European capitals?

The profession (at forty cents per agate line) have the benefit of the Herald's wide circulation. Just what intrinsic value accompanies that privilege it would be difficult to estimate. We know that after the Union Square Theatre withdrew its advertisement from the Herald, a few years ago, it enjoyed the largest receipts known in the history of that very successful establishment. We also know that the weakest attractions have in times past put the largest advertisements in the Herald, and without visibly increasing their business.

With these examples before us we cannot conscientiously place an extraordinarily high valuation upon the benefits of the Herald's vast circulation. In the reading columns there is no evidence of the gratitude we have a right to expect as some compensation for the custom of the profession. The average reporter is not a dramatic critic. It is preposterous to suppose that he can review plays and players understandingly, when he has not attained that mastery of the art of composition necessary to report with approximate grammatical correctness the proceedings of the Tombs Police Court or the ceremonies of a Long Island cock-fight. From writers belonging to that useful but scarcely brilliant class we cannot look for criticisms that will command the respect of intelligent readers, much less benefit art and artists. The proprietor of the Herald apparently aims to conduct his criticisms on the non-committal plan. Nothing, if not neutral, is his motto; and it is followed religiously with the wishy-washiest effects. The opinionated assertions of a wrong-headed critic are preferable to the tedious twaddle of a plashy-brained reporter to most people. No one will accuse the Herald in its news department of an excess of friendliness to the profession. On more than one occasion THE MIRROR has had occasion to rebuke it for detrimental and unjust articles calculated to damage theatrical business more or less.

Last Friday night an alarm of fire was started by somebody in the audience at the Union Square who saw some smoke that came from the musicians' room, where a fiddler's instrument bag had accidentally come in contact with a gas-jet. A few people made for the doors and a nervous woman fainted. The actors and ushers assured those in front that there was no fire and no danger. The incipient flutter subsided, and the people who had left the house returned and resumed their seats. Next day the Herald had a sensational column article on the affair, to read which one would suppose the audience had had a

providential escape from sudden death. This is the second time the Herald has inspired New York theatre-goers with alarm by elevating a trivial occurrence to an importance totally disproportionate with the facts. Each time Manager Palmer's theatre was made the scene of startling events that were for the most part imaginary.

But Slim Jim's peculiar gratitude to the profession for favors daily received was shown very recently in another direction. Last Wednesday Louis Aldrich mailed to the editor of the Herald a communication in reply to the statements of Lester Wallack in an interview which had previously appeared in his paper. The letter was courteous, brief, and signed by Mr. Aldrich. Mr. Wallack had challenged anyone to prove that he preferred English to American talent in his theatre. Mr. Aldrich assumed the task of doing this, and as the first notes of battle were sounded in the Herald, he was rash enough to suppose that its columns were open to a gentlemanly response. He was mistaken. The letter did not appear. It probably got no further than the editor's waste-basket. Mr. Aldrich no doubt forgot that Mr. Wallack is a steady advertiser, and that the Herald has always showed a disposition to be more than fair to that worthy manager even at the cost of being unfair to somebody else. He was misled by the Herald's greatness; he believed it could be as great in impartiality as in the quantity of its advertisements and the number of its pages.

The profession have largely contributed to the Herald's affluence. In return the proprietor gives them "critics" and criticisms that are more ridiculous than Kepler's cartoons of Talmage or G. E. M.'s poetic imbecilities. Then, can it be truly said that Slim Jim appreciates or deserves the favor that is shown him?

Booth in Berlin.

Edwin Booth was once asked in our hearing if there was one ambition he yet longed to satisfy. "Yes," was the tragedian's reply. "It is to act in Berlin." His wish has just been fulfilled, and under circumstances of the most gratifying character. The cable flashes the story of his debut in the German capital. The erudite Prussians, who know our Shakespeare better than we do ourselves, pronounce Booth's Hamlet a magnificent impersonation, and are stirred to a point of enthusiasm seldom reached by the phlegmatic Teuton nature. Public, Press and Princes bestow extraordinary honors upon the American artist, whose triumph is almost beyond parallel.

We believed that Booth would make a success in Berlin; but we did not anticipate the exciting *furor* he has created. It should fill the breast of every American actor with pride and every American citizen with patriotic satisfaction. Booth is the first native actor to carry the banner of dramatic art into Germany, and his grand achievements reflect lustre upon the body of professionals whom he so brilliantly represents. He has not only gratified his personal ambition, but given us renewed reasons for feeling glad that he is our countryman.

Taking Our Advice.

THE MIRROR dated September 23 last contained an article headed, "Theatre License Money," which deplored the fact that the large sum paid by a manager in this city went to support the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents. What claim the youthful law-breakers have upon the theatres we were at a loss to understand, as they had nothing whatever in common. We held that the payment of license money to that organization implied that places of amusement were in some way responsible for the delinquencies of juveniles, and we protested against the insult conveyed by such an implication. We then proceeded to express our ideas as to what should be done with the sums collected for theatre-licenses in this language: "The performances given last Spring for the benefit of the Actors' Fund suggest to us the propriety of paying the revenue derived from licensing theatres directly to that Fund. To apply it in this manner would be equitable; it would be fair as between the business upon which the tax is levied and those who are to enjoy its benefits." Following this we submitted the draft of a bill to secure legislation in the premises.

A dispatch informs us that Senator Grady has presented THE MIRROR'S bill, with a few minor amendments, to the Legislature at Albany, and action will be taken on it during the present session. Unless some egregious blunder is made the bill will pass and become a law. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished; for it would not only bring a handsome

revenue to the Actors' Fund, but remove a disgraceful reflection upon an honorable business as well. Theatrical men are taxed too heavily—there is no question about that—but they would find great satisfaction in the thought that these disbursements were actually ameliorating the condition of needy people of their own profession.

The total amount accruing to the Actors' Fund, if the bill is carried through the Assembly and Senate, will aggregate \$20,000 per annum—almost, if not quite, enough to provide amply for the yearly demands made by sick and destitute professionals all over the land. Every manager in the city should bring what influence he possesses to bear on the Albany Legislature to help get this measure adopted.

Personal.



FERGUSON.—W. J. Ferguson has a capital comedy part in Archie Gunter's Courage. His picture appears above.

GREENE.—The dramatist, Clay M. Greene, is sojourning among us for a fortnight.

MOSS.—Alice Moss writes that she will leave England for this country in February.

HOWSON.—John Howson is suffering from a severe cold that interferes seriously with his singing.

LEE.—Amy Lee has been in town during the past fortnight resting. She has left the Jollities.

EYRE.—Wilmot Eyre, who is playing in She Stoops to Conquer, has been engaged for next season at Wallack's.

POLK.—Joe Polk tried to play an unauthorized version of Sam'l of Posen in Australia, and met with just failure.

GRAY.—The report that the Ada Gray company has disbanded is false. Manager Watkins has filled all his dates.

KELCEY.—Herbert Kelcey will not be in the cast of The Silver King. He is laid up with blood-poisoning and suffers acutely.

PANICS.—Anybody in search of panics can be accommodated with all he wants at the manufactory, Broadway and Ann street.

DIVORCE.—A suit for absolute divorce from her husband has been begun by the wife of the dramatic critic of a down-town morning paper.

TAYLEURE.—Clifton Tayleure, who manipulates the Chanfraus, scrupulously avoids communicating their advance dates. What can the reason be?

HICKEY.—S. M. Hickey's improvements and alterations at the late Alcazar are rapidly progressing. The theatre will be ready for Emmet's opening as announced.

JEWETT.—Sarah Jewett has grown quite fleshy. Ellen Terry now need fear no New York rival. She can work the spirituelle racket alone and single-handed.

MADDERN.—The Storm Child, Rosenfeld's new piece, is being rehearsed this week in Brooklyn by Minnie Maddern. It will be produced within a fortnight in Baltimore.

SHERWOOD.—Alice Sherwood, who has not appeared in nearly two years, will play the Baroness in The Legion of Honor for three nights next week, beginning Monday.

SARGENT.—Harry Sargent has become manager for Rarie Roe, a Chicago singer, who is to start from that city with a comic opera troupe the latter part of the present month.

PALMER.—Minnie Palmer gave her first night's receipts in Detroit—one-half toward defraying the funeral expenses of Mrs. John Gilbert and the other half to the mother of Mr. Gilbert.

LUCETTE.—Madeleine Lucette will replace Lucy Couch as Virginia, at the Bijou. Miss Couch made a pleasant impression; but Mr. McCaull thought it necessary to put an established favorite in the part.

CLARKE.—Kit Clarke takes the management of Haverly's New Minstrels on Jan. 22. This party is Hague's late troupe with certain choice additions. The Mastodons will continue just the same as before.

HANLONS.—The manager of the new Eden Theatre, Paris, offered the Hanlons a year's engagement at 800 francs a night to do a twenty-minute act. They had determined to remain in this country and declined.

NILSSON.—Christine Nilsson will attend the Children's Carnival, which this year will be more brilliant than ever. She has bought a proscenium box, paying its price twice over. The Carnival is given for a worthy charity.

FRANCIS.—Fannie Francis has withdrawn from the Lingards and returned to New York. The injuries received in the recent railway accident compelled her to do this. Miss Francis has begun suit against the corporation for damages.

UNITED.—Mr. James R. Decker and Miss Flora H. Smith, the prima donna of the Bennett and Moulton Opera company, were married at the Russell House, Detroit, Jan. 9. Mr. Decker is the Watertown (N. Y.) correspondent of THE MIRROR.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes denies the assertion that the Summer Boarders combination will be a traveling managerie. He admits the fact of his carrying a bear, a tiger and a ghost, but argues that the public demand sensation nowadays and he intends to give it to them.

ANDERSON.—On our first page we print a portrait of Mary Anderson. The lady's engagement at the Fifth Avenue has opened most auspiciously. It is likely, before the conclusion of it is reached, she will have considerably enhanced her fame and her bank-balance.

BOOTH.—Last week we stated that Edwin Booth had cancelled his German engagements. The item was based on a letter received here from Mr. Booth. His daughter probably recovered from her illness, and that was the way in which he was able to carry out his original agreement.

CONSOLIDATED.—Callender's Minstrels consolidate at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week, after which they will travel through the country. The combined company will comprise over one hundred men and women, and will have their own drawing, dining and sleeping cars.

MORSE.—It is said that Salmi Morse actually believes he has a sovereign right to occupy a place in the realms of literature beside Shakespeare, Dante and Milton. This sublime belief is certainly refreshing; but it has the merit as well of being shared by no one except Morse.

LEDGER.—Mr. Ledger, the able editor and proprietor of the London Era, has justly rebuked his New York correspondent for assailing D'Oyly Carte, who had had him bounced from behind the scenes, where he was cutting up with the chorus at rehearsal. We understand that the correspondent in question has since been dismissed from Ledger's service.

ANDERSON.—The Herald's item which said Mary Anderson would go to London and play next season was premature. Miss Anderson may visit England for recreation; but she will not go there professionally this year. Dr. Griffin entertained an offer to play his step-daughter for six weeks next Summer at the Lyceum, but finally concluded to wait a while longer.

RUSSELL.—Yesterday a reporter called on Mrs. Leonard to learn what progress had been made in the case of her daughter, Miss Lillian Russell. The prima donna has a hearty appetite and eats three meals every day. She is able to walk about her apartments a little, but will not be able to go out for some time. Her physician says she cannot safely use her voice before the first of April.

FUND.—Aaron Appleton called on us Monday, and explained that Annie Montague, who THE MIRROR reported to be in destitute circumstances, was relieved some time ago. She applied for aid December 11, and it was given her in seven days. In all, she has received \$125. The lady lives in a brown-stone house and hires a piano. She said in a letter to the Fund that she wanted more than was given her.

ALDRICH.—Louis Aldrich laughs at Lester Wallack's interview in the Herald. He says that Charles Thorne, F. C. Bangs, McKee Rankin and other leading actors of ability have in years past applied to Wallack for positions and received not even a letter in reply. When Charles T. Parsloe left Wallack's he got \$10 a week, and decided to leave because the management would not give him an increase of \$4.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell is making great preparations for the production of Siberia. Georgia Cayvan, Mary Mills, Bessie German, Gustavus Levick, George Hoey, George Thompson and W. S. Harkins have been engaged. John Thompson, the scenic artist of San Francisco, arrived here last week, and began work at once on the scenery. Four of the original drops will be brought out from California to be used.

DYAS.—Ada Dyas writes THE MIRROR that she will bring her tour to a close at the termination of her engagement at the Philadelphia Arch on Feb. 3. It has extended four months, and considering the lateness of the season when she decided upon starting out, it has been an unqualified success. The press has been almost unanimous in acknowledging that the company surrounding Miss Dyas is one of the best on the road. This is high praise; but we can endorse it.

HARTZ.—The new Park Theatre, Cleveland, will be opened Oct. 1, under the management of Gus Hartz, the magician, who has taken a ten-year lease of the house. The seating capacity will be 1,450, and all the modern improvements are to be employed. The theatre will be absolutely fire-proof. All first-class attractions will be played. The Park is conveniently located on the lines of all horse-car routes. The plans are approved by the Fire Department.

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

It was very jolly at the Stuyvesant Saturday night, when the club inaugurated the custom of giving monthly receptions with similar accompaniments to those of the High Finks which make the San Francisco Bohemian Club attractive to clever and lively men. The house was not overcrowded and there were, among guests and members, just enough representatives of the artistic and social elements present to make it agreeable for everybody. Besides others, I noticed John Howson, Clay Greene, C. P. Flockton, Frederic de Belleville, Osmond Tearle, Alfred Cellier, William Elton, Wilmet Eyre, Dr. J. S. Taylor, Dr. Robertson and Dr. William Taylor. In the Stuyvesant (which is American to the backbone) Englishmen find a hearty welcome and no reflection of the vulgar and senseless antagonism aroused chiefly by the Morton House *mélée* and the recent manifesto of Mr. Wallack. Its doors are open to bright men of every nationality, and while its prime purpose is the encouragement of American art, it is equally willing to encourage art from any other portion of the universe. I allude to this in explanation of the presence of so many foreigners.

A capital supper was enjoyed, especially by the actor Stuyvesants and visitors who had the usual Saturday night appetite, which comes of the extra work entailed by the two performances of the last day of the week. The songs and recitations that ensued were entertaining. Billy Elton's ditty with a chorus (in which everybody joined), consisting principally of the words "Doodle-dum-day," made a hit, and Clay Greene and John Howson were obliged to sing their duet over several times—and then the roars of laughter it occasioned did not subside for some time. The piece is simply a verse of "The Old Kentucky Home" rendered in the style popular on the boards of "Frisco variety dives and with all the "jakeyness" that that location implies. Words fail to describe the funny effect of Howson's characteristic gestures and excruciating expression of countenance in this song, and Greene's facial assistance was effective. The duet should be seen and heard to be fully appreciated. Osmond Tearle recited with feeling the pathetic story by George Sims of "A Walk to Kensal Green." Alf. Cellier's dextrous fingers extracted sweet music from the keys of a Weber. I wish I had room to mention all the other interesting features of this delightful evening. The next affair of a similar nature is set down for February.

By-the-by, the Stuyvesant certainly is representative of the field of American dramatic writers. Bartley Campbell, Archie Gunter, Fred Marsden and Joaquin Miller and Bob Morris make a full band of leading playwrights. Dick Neville, of the *Herald*; Blakely Hall, of the *Sun*; Clements, of the *Graphic*, and Morris, of the *Telegram*, are journalists who have recently joined. Evidently the Stuyvesant has come to stay.

The illness of Charles Thorne is more serious than was at first imagined. In a short time he will go to Europe and recuperate in the South of France.

Justly our papers have a shy now and then at the wholesale, daring plagiarism by which a certain class of men profit who compose the ring that controls the London stage. They not only foist adaptations, translations and out-and-out steals upon the theatre-goers of the British metropolis, but use their power to shut out from enjoying the fruits of honest brain-work authors who are unfortunate in possessing more ability than influence. But the London press could offset these attacks, if they would, by pitching into the journalistic thieves of this city, who appropriate without scruple the editorial articles, news gleanings and engravings that appear in the pages of the foreign papers. One of these disreputable characters reproduces, without a line of credit, pictures that appear in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* and the *Paris Illustrated Journals*. Some of the engravings cost the foreign publishers from \$50 to \$200. The thief gets them photo-engraved for one-fifth of the lesser sum. Of course the pictures suffer in the process of reproduction, but they look tolerably expensive, and therefore answer the purpose of the appropriator, who wants to make a splash, and who will stoop to any despicable means, not excepting theft, to try to accomplish his object. But he does not stop at stealing the pictures, criticisms and articles in the foreign prints; he practices his light-fingered tactics nearer at home. Of late he has helped himself to the items in THE MIRROR, sometimes not taking the trouble to conceal source by altering the phraseology. A caution of that kind he considers wholly unnecessary. Although the circulation of his extraordinary sheet is limited, he must not presume upon that to hope to avoid discovery and the disgrace of exposure.

There is a pretty muddle about Sardou's play of *Fedora*. Samuel French bought it of Mayer, the author's Paris agent. The money was paid for it, on the day agreed upon, by

Mr. French's banker; but the manuscript of the drama was not forthcoming. Mr. French then demanded the piece. Mayer refused to give it up on some pretext or other, but offered to return the purchase-money. Mr. French didn't care for that—he wanted *Fedora*, as there were several big stars after it. Meantime Fanny Davenport, I understand, bought the American right to the play over again from Mayer and received the manuscript. Mr. French was indignant. He is indignant still, and things remain in the same position. Mayer is a hard man to deal with, and French and Son have had trouble with him before. Henry French says matters will probably be adjusted amicably in a few days, as his father will see Miss Davenport in Paris and try to arrange affairs to the satisfaction of all concerned. Monsieur Mayer throughout these transactions appears to have been a little more previous than is compatible with Yankee notions of the way business should be conducted.

The Stock Exchange boys are congratulating themselves on the establishment of a theatre-ticket office in their building. Mr. J. T. McBride, in securing the valuable privilege, showed enterprise and tact. The bulls and bears can now capture their choice seats in their very lair. Mr. McBride has been in New York only ten years; but he has made great progress in the legitimate ticket-speculating field. He now has three agencies in different parts of the city. Besides, he is interested in an iron company and is a member of the Produce Exchange.

Manager Schaefer, of Canton, Ohio, is prominent among the managers who have determined to limit the number of attractions in their towns. He announces that he will book only two companies a week next season. The pioneers in this important movement deserve to be placed on record. By the way, Dan Frohman writes me: "A great deal of bad business has been done in the smaller towns by reason of too many bookings by the local managers." These words from the director of a dozen combinations should have weight.

The Actors' Fund appears to be prospering. It is doing good where good is most needed, every day. The machinery of the charity is simple and relief is quickly given to those deserving it. Aaron Appleton devotes all his time to investigating applications and attending to the heavy correspondence of the affair.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* of last Saturday contains a telegraphic account of the slight excitement at the Union Square more sensational if possible than the foolish report in the *Herald*. The flaring headlines, viewed from what actually occurred, are amusing. "Deadly Danger—The Union Square Theatre Witnesses a Fearful Occurrence—The Auditors become Panic Stricken—Ladies Crushed in the Stomach—A Deadly Rush." According to the *Inter-Ocean*, "one lady, who was terribly crushed, was heard to faintly moan 'My God, oh God!'" While this Chicago absurdity is laughable, one cannot help regretting that the gullibility of the rural press should create an unnecessary alarm about the theatres.

Recently I had occasion to comment on the bad business between election time and the holidays. The current now appears to have been stemmed. Since Christmas receipts in this city have picked up, and the reports from all sections are more encouraging. From now until Lent prosperity may be predicted for good companies. The bad parties, in the law of theatricals, suffer at all times.

There are a score of letters lying on my desk which would be worthy of reply were they accompanied by the writers' names. If people will send anonymous communications to newspapers they must expect that no notice will be taken of them.

Our gallery gods ought to consider themselves well treated. They are given one of the best quarters of the house at the cheapest prices; their seats are more comfortable than they're accustomed to occupying elsewhere; and they are spared one of the aggravating impositions that their cousins, the London pitites, are afflicted with. I refer to the practice of some English managers of giving priority of admission to certain privileged patrons of the pit, who pay no more than their less favored companions, but who are accommodated with the best seats in that portion of the house just the same. The newspapers have been appealed to by the sufferers, and they are ridiculing the managers who foster the custom. In this country people know better than to trifle with the gallery mob, and the latter consequently get well taken care of.

Edwin Booth in Germany.

The cablegrams from Berlin describing Edwin Booth's appearance as Hamlet at the Residenz Theatre last Thursday night, indicate that his triumph in the German capital was a great one. The Crown Prince has witnessed the performance on three different nights, and expresses his intention of going again to see it. The American and British legations were present on the opening night.

The German critics are especially delighted with our tragedian. The *National Zeitung* eulogizes the actor's careful study and effects, and considers that he does not obtrude on his American nationality. The *Tagblatt* says: "The strange effect of the polyglot performance was soon removed by the interest in the chief impersonation; we soon found that we were in the presence of one of the chief masters of the dramatic art. His Hamlet is of commanding nobleness, and will long be remembered. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* says the impersonation was full of life and spirit. It exhibited, by turns, deep pathos and the finest irony. The *Frankfurter*, in a similar strain, says the impersonation is a perfect living whole, one part of which appears to be a necessary complement to the other. The *Berliner Zeitung* says in eloquence and gesture Booth stands on the same line with Rossi and Salvini, and perhaps surpasses them in minute power of suggestion.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Mrs. Josh Whitcomb Retires.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CLEVELAND, Jan. 17.—The Mrs. Josh Whitcomb company has gone up. Charles Howard, of New York, is the manager. Business has been bad for some time, and three months' salaries are alleged to be due. Of the company, Messrs. McCord, Peterson and Miss Forrester have gone to New York; Whitford to Toronto, while Howard, aided by amateurs, will do a little barnstorming in the interior.

Eva Glenn Barker replaces Miss Peakes in the Square Man company. Miss Peakes' brother, Robert Howie, perished in the Milwaukee fire.

Mr. Dudley Wick and Prof. Hartz have left for New York to perfect plans for the new theatre.

Ben Maginley opened to a good house at the Euclid on Monday night. Last night the house was light and top-heavy.

Manager Hanna, of the Euclid, had a son born unto him on Monday afternoon. May he grow up to be a Square Man.

Mlle. Litta writes from Oshkosh that she is well and that business is booming.

A Tenor Welcomed Home.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—Robson and Crane opened Monday night at the National to a packed house, giving *Forbidden Fruit*. Clay Douglas, ticket agent at this house, fell Wednesday last and dislocated his left elbow; but he was on duty Monday evening, though suffering severe pain.

At Ford's the Boston Ideal Opera Co. opened with *Fatinitza* Monday night to a fine house. Prices are advanced fifty per cent. during this engagement. Herndon Morsell made his first bow as a professional primo tenor before an audience of the city of his nativity on Tuesday evening, as Goutran de Solanges in *The Musketeers*. He is a member of Washington Lodge, B. P. O. E., and in the second act a handsome floral tribute was presented him by brother Elks, consisting of elk's head and antlers covered with handsome and expensive flowers. The manner of presentation was novel and pleasing. The offering was suspended in the flies, and at an opportune moment lowered, descending upon a table in the centre of the stage. In honor of Mr. Morsell the house was packed, and his musical and other friends gave a banquet after the performance at the National Hotel, at which many of Washington's most respectable citizens were present.

Our streets are covered with snow and the jingle of sleigh-bells makes merry music in the air. Something rare for this latitude.

The Comique is doing a very good business, and Manager Snelbaker is correspondingly happy.

The Girl that I Love.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DETROIT, Jan. 17.—The *Girl that I Love*, with Fitzgerald as star, is only drawing fairly at Whitney's. Minnie Palmer drew a good house at the Detroit on Monday. As usual, the Park is crowded every night.

Twiddle Hall Burned.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ALBANY, Jan. 17.—Twiddle Hall, on the northwest corner of State and North Pearl streets, was discovered to be on fire yesterday morning, and before ten o'clock the building was in ruins. The fire was discovered by an office-boy of Edward McCammon, music dealer on the ground floor. The work of the flames was very rapid. The piano store in which the fire originated extends through the building from State street to a hallway across the extreme west end, the row of Pearl street stores being underneath. Creeping rapidly from the spot where it had its origin the fire gained the rear hall, through which it made its way to the floor above, the space in which is intersected with wide corridors, dividing it into four sections at right angles. The corridors formed flues to which the draft had free access, and up and down which the fire was soon roaring like a furnace. The stage of Twiddle Hall, which is situated on the third floor counting up from State street, at the north end, was reached by the advancing flames by means of the rear hallway. Once it scented the tinder of which the scenery is composed the fire spread like a match in a haystack. With a boom resembling the distant detonation of a piece of ordnance a blaze burst out of the roof, tearing away the fastenings at the east side. The smoke, which barred entrance at any point, appeared to be rolling back and forth in the hall and through the corridors, its appearance at the different sides of the building being as fitful as a squall at sea.

Among the attractions announced for early appearance were *Iolanthe*, Tony Pastor's travelling co., the Barlow-Wilson Minstrels, and Salvini. Local and Troy managers were prompt in offers of assistance to Manager Calan. His books and private papers were all destroyed. The house will probably be rebuilt. The general belief is that the fire was of incendiary origin. The building was owned by two ladies, heirs of the late John Twiddle, who erected it in 1850-51. It was opened June 28 of the latter year. It was a fine, four-story freestone building, with a frontage of

thirty-eight feet on State street and one hundred and sixteen on North Pearl street. The lower stories were devoted to stores and offices, above which was a fine hall, one hundred by seventy-five feet, which had one gallery, and was capable of seating one thousand people. The original cost was \$100,000, and the property is now assessed at \$230,000.

Albani received an enthusiastic welcome at Music Hall Monday night. Albany's leading people and many legislators paid homage to the diva. The receipts were \$3,100.

Aldrich and Parsloe opened at the Leland last night to a large house. They remain two nights.

Flattering to Jeffreys-Lewis.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
SYRACUSE, Jan. 17.—Jeffreys-Lewis appeared as the adventures, in *La Belle Russe*, at the Wieting Opera House last night. Her reception was enthusiastic. Her acting reached the very height of grandeur, and was awarded by many floral compliments and a number of calls. Newton Gotthold rendered very efficient support.

Seats for Maude Granger, in the Planter's Wife, are selling like hot cakes, and indications are that business will be immense.

James O'Neill appeared at the Grand last evening in *An American King* to fair business. Mr. O'Neill made a magnificent impression here. He will play in Syracuse again soon.

Enthusiastic Over Mather.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ROCHESTER, Jan. 17.—The Academy was crowded, 15th and 16th, to witness Margaret Mather's rendition of *Juliet*. The audiences were cold and critical, but the superb acting of Miss Mather soon warmed them to enthusiasm unbounded, and the bright star scored an unqualified success. Her impersonation fairly electrified the audiences, and she was recalled scene after scene, and act after act. The portion scene gained her a triple encore. We unhesitatingly pronounce Miss Mather the greatest Juliet of the day—in fact, a dramatic revelation.

Milnes Levick's *Mercutio* was never surpassed in this city, and he was recalled. Alexander Salvini, as *Romeo*, was disappointing; his foreign accent so interfered with his lines that at times he could not be understood. Miss Mather's engagement is the grandest success of the season, and Manager Hill is the happiest man in town.

Dr. Bishop in Colorado.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DENVER, Jan. 17.—C. B. Bishop opened at the Tabor on Monday night to a packed house. The receipts of the week's engagement of Rice's Surprise Party were \$4,253.

Esmeralda in the Far West.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
VIRGINIA CITY, Jan. 17.—Esmeralda was presented at Piper's Opera House on Monday night. Every seat was taken in advance.

Lingard's Western Tour.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
MADISON, Wis., Jan. 17.—William Horace Lingard presented *Pink Dominoes* Monday night. There was a large and fashionable audience present. The company is first-class, and the applause was liberal.

The Sparks.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 17.—Willie Edouin's Sparks presented *Fun in a Photograph Gallery* at Bull's Opera House, Monday night. The Photographer labored under the disadvantage of a severe cold, and was hardly able to get through the evening.

Sale of a Theatre.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 17.—The Adelphi, a variety theatre, has been purchased by James Fagin, proprietor of the Elite Varieties, Portland, Oregon.

A week of unprecedented cold weather has had a bad effect upon the attendance at the theatres. However, the California Grand and Baldwin found no particular reason to complain, and will make no change in their bills this week. Business was light at the other houses.

Rhea's Southern Tour.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 17.—Rhea has taken Charleston by storm. Every seat was sold for her two nights' engagement. Monday was a gala night, the fashion of the city turning out in great numbers.

Salvini Royally Welcomed.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17.—An immense audience, that crowded the Chestnut Street Opera House in every part, greeted Salvini Monday night. His grand impersonation of *Othello* was applauded to the echo, and at the close of the third act the gifted tragedian was presented with a handsome floral piece which bore the words, "Welcome to Salvini," wrought in flowers. Lewis Morrison, who appeared as *Iago*, was decidedly weak. He reads well, but his acting is totally devoid of expression, lacks force and character, and he pitches his voice at so low a key as to be scarcely audible at times. The rest of the cast was fair.

Hazel Kirke is drawing good houses at Haverly's. As Hazel, Carrie Turner made a very pleasing heroine. She has much to learn; but she is natural and earnest—two qualities absent from the portrayal by Effie Ellsler when last seen in this city. Miss Turner is trying to make a good impression in the part; Miss Ellsler had lost all interest—was tired, careless, stazy.

Barney McAuley drew a large audience at the Arch Monday evening. Uncle Dan? is well worth seeing.

At the Lyceum Jeannie Winston's Comic Opera company gave *La Perichole* to a well filled house on Monday night. Miss Winston was in good voice and sang well. Edward Connell has joined the troupe.

Carlo Chizzola, the manager of Salvini, has a big thing on hand for next season; but he is keeping very dark as to what is in store for us.

It is said here that Helen Dane, who sings the rôle of *Iolanthe* with the Church Choir Opera company, will shortly become a dramatic star. The lady is a Philadelphian, very intelligent and decidedly pretty. She was at one time one of the best amateur actresses in this city, and her impersonation of *Emilia* is quoted as a fine performance.

Humpty Adams.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Jan. 17.—One of the most delightful performances ever given in the Grand Opera House was that of Humpty Adams, in *The Post-Boy of Paris*, last night. Business good. George H. Adams has become very popular here.

A New Opera House Destroyed.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
CORRY, Pa., Jan. 17.—The Cooper Opera House, at Union City, Pa., caught fire at 3 P. M., just as the finishing touches were being put upon it preparatory to its opening by Oliver Doud Byron. This was to have taken place last night. The cause of the fire was a defective flue.

The Nilsson Purge.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 17.—Nilsson appeared in concert here last night. Despite unfavorable weather, De Giv's Opera House was jammed. The receipts were \$8,300.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]
DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 15.—The *Girl that I Love* company, with Fitzgerald and Daisy Ramsden, opened to-night to an immense house, and there is no question as to the success of the play. It is a great hit here.

M. J. Chapman.

Treasurer Whitney's Opera House.
TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 16.—E. A. Locke's new piece was produced last night at my house for the first time upon any stage, and was received with uproarious applause by a very large audience.

J. C. Cowher.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 16.—The Square Man opened to large house last night. Ben Maginley was called before the curtain three times. Play an immense hit. T. T. Prescott.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 14.—Manager Deakin dismissed seventeen hundred people at matinee on account of our missing connections. Played to-night to over nineteen hundred people. W. H. Lingard.

The New Opera House.

Manager Abbey's path as lessee of the new Opera House will not be strewn with roses to any great extent, and he will find that he has undertaken a big job. The combined forces of Mapleson and Gye will be opposed to him and the inner circle of society—the circle that opposes Vanderbilt as a *parvenu*—will set their faces dead against the new enterprise. It remains to be seen whether the public of New York will prefer to support a native manager with pluck and determination or two foreigners whom they know by experience. One good thing will result: the English managers will be compelled to furnish first-class opera next season, and abandon the tactics of the present season, when they gave the public one swallow of beer to a quart of foam. Abbey's mainstay is Nilsson, who is, undoubtedly, the greatest living operatic artist. She is a favorite here, sharing public good-will fully as much as Patti. If Mr. Abbey does what he promises and engages a first-class company, there can be no doubt of the result. Above all things, let him look to his chorus. There is a vast number of native-born singers in this city who would only be too glad to get into a chorus. Let Manager Abbey encourage American talent by engaging such, and let him counsel to exile the fat and greasy-looking sons and daughters of Italy who, even when tuneful to the ear, are disgusting to the eye. Make the new Opera House distinctly an American institution, and rely on the public spirit for support.

Complimentary.

Marshalltown (Pa.) Daily Times-Republican.
THE NEW YORK MIRROR comes to us dressed up in its holiday attire, richly illustrated with portraits of professional stars of histrionic fame. The leading authority in matters pertaining to the stage, this journal is reaching into the most remote corners of the globe as the standard in theatrical matters. Their efforts in this last edition are far in advance of any previous one, and certainly overshadow anything that has been attempted by any like journal.

Angela (Ga.) Constitution.

The beautiful Christmas issue of THE NEW YORK MIRROR contains twenty pages, handsomely illustrated, and filled with dramatic, comic and literary matter. No magazine of a similar character engages it.

BAYVIEW PASTORAL CHURCH: Kokomo, Ind., 18.
BALTIMORE: Philadelphia, 15; week; Baltimore, 29; week;
Washington, 30; week; Brooklyn, Feb. 5, week.
SALAMAR'S TROUBADOURS: Louisville, 17, 18, 19, 20;
Indianapolis, 22, 23, 24; Springfield, O., 25; Zanesville,
Ohio, Feb. 5, week; Pittsburgh, 20; week; St.
Louis, Feb. 5, week.
SON, SMITH RUSSELL: Jamestown, N. Y., 18; Oil City,
Pa., 19; Bradford, 20.
NATLON'S COLIRED CREEK CO.: Ionia, Mich., 18;
Grand Rapids, 19; Battle Creek, 20; Kalamazoo, 22;
Constantine, 23; South Bend, Ind., 24; Hourston, 25;
Valparaiso, 26; Chicago, 27, 29, 30; week.
SMYTER AND GRAU'S PHILADELPHIA CHURCH CHOIR CO.:
Lancaster, Pa., 19; Portsville, 20; Reading, 22.
STANLEY MAN (Ben Maginley): Cleveland, 15; week;
Pittsburg, 22; week; Brooklyn, 29; week.
TAKEN FROM LIFE CO.: Boston, 15, two weeks.
TYNTER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Brooklyn, 15; week;
Ansonia, Ct., 22; Waterbury, 23.
T. W. KRUNK: Waterbury, 23.
Lowell; Manchester, N. H.; 27; Portland, Me.,
30; Salem, Mass., 30; Taunton, 31; New Bedford, Feb.
5; Newport, R. I., 3; Fall River, Mass., 3.
TEACHES, PRINCESS AND WAFFS' MINISTERS: William-
amette, Ct., 18; Pawtucket, R. I., 19; Woonsocket, 20;
Lyons, Mass., 21; Salem, 23.
THE GIRL THAT I LOVE CO.: Fort Huron, Mich., 18;
Bay City, 19; E. Saginaw, 20; Jackson, 21; Lansing,
23; Toledo, O., 24; Adrian, 25; Albion, Mich., 26;
Grand Rapids, 27.
TOM TRENT: Liverpool, L., 22, 23, 24.
VOCAL FAMILIES: Harlem, 15; week.
WILLIAM J. SCAGLAR: Montgomery, Ala., 18; Penn-
cola, Fla., 19, 20; New Orleans, 22, week.
WILLIAM STAFFORD: Cedar Rapids, 18, 19; Winona,
Conech Bluffs, 21, 22; Lincoln, 23; Nebraska City, 25;
Topska, 26, 27; E. Neosho, 28, 29; Leavenworth, 30;
Whitely's HIDDEN HAND CO.: Vicksburg, Miss., 18,
19; Meridian, 22.
WHITELY'S DRAMATIC CO.: Nebraska City, 15; week;
Omaha, 16; Sparks, Providence, R. I., 18, 19, 20;
Springfield, Mass., 22; Hartford, Ct., 23; Danbury, 24;
Waterbury, 25; New Haven, 26, 27; N. Y. City, 29;
week.
WINTER OPERA CO.: Detroit, Mich., 18, 19, 30; Chatham,
Ont., 20, 21, 22, 23; Guelph, 24; Brantford, 25;
Hamilton, 26; St. Catharines, 27; Toronto, 29, 30, 31;
Lockport, N. Y., Feb. 1; Dunkirk, 2; Erie, Pa., 3;
Pittsburg, 5; week.
WINDHAM COMEDY CO.: Indianapolis, 18, 19; Dayton,
19, 20; Baltimore, 22; Philadelphia, 23; Danbury, 24;
weeks; Brooklyn, Feb. 12, week; Boston, 19, two
weeks.
WINTHROP'S JOJOLITIES: Kalamazoo, Mich., 18; Grand
Haven, 19; Milwaukee, 20, 21.

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HALF-A-CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO THE AUTHOR'S FIRST TEACHER, MRS. CHARITY ALWAYS, AT THE LITTLE SCHOOL IN THE CROOKED STREET—HER WAYS AND METHODS; ALSO HER WONDERFUL CREATIONS—A BRIEF VISIT TO ANOTHER SCHOOL NEAR BY—HOW A HIBERNIAN CONJURER TURNED RUSTY KNIVES AND FORKS INTO PALATIAL HOTELS—A VISIT TO THE OLD-TIME BOWERY AND WHAT COULD BE SEEN THERE—THE BENGAL TIGER, ETC.



THOMAS HAMBLIN.

Memory has its holiday-time, to the most of us—and let it ever cherish this benignant power!—opening a little gallery of its own: a series of Portraits and Interiors tinted with cheerful colors, which live as fresh to-day on the canvas, as in the first hour they were put there. It calls up to most of us a picture or two, which teaches us that while we are growing old—and gliding swiftly to the great ocean which opens outward on another world—communities and metropolises are also sailing onward, in their larger bulk and with their wider shadow, toward the same great bourne of all things. It is within our remembrance—and we are not by any means "the oldest inhabitant"—it seems but yesterday—that Indians wandered among us at holiday-time, and near upon Christmas were used to make their appearance in the old Square (named after that noble friend of ours, Lord Chatham) with bow and arrows, and to shoot at pennies in a cleft stick at some thirty paces—for what they could hit; a sport patronized of youth and sometimes lingeringly watched by grown-up men, bound homeward with the Christmas turkey in hand. Has it ever occurred to you, by the way, to note the bearing of a workman, a thrifty cartman or mechanic, as he conveyed this pride of the season at his side? There is no countenance in the world, I take it, which so happily mingles all that we can imagine of the grand and lowly—a cross between pride of purpose and consciousness of a naked bird in its plumpness dangling by the legs—as belongs to the Christmas turkey-bearer! This, by the way, only, and in connection with the circumstance that the marvellous train of these—more than one would suppose that narrow precinct could hold—were visible on such days traversing the Square, and disappearing at that crooked-necked perversion of a street just at its head. It is of Doyer street we speak, which forms the mouth of the Bowery at its junction with Division street, zig-zags its way to the northwest, shifting its angles with each house pretty much as the wooden toy snake, held by the tail by the youthful owner, wiggles through the air, shifting its course anew with every jerk. The room within was a triangular, with two slips against the wall, lined with children in frocks and pinafores; we doubt whether there was an authentic coat or complement of breeches in the whole company. As we take pleasure, seeing the full-grown bird on the wing, in his strength and beauty spreading himself in the heavens, and circling the land in his daily flight, in going back to a recollection of the humble spotted egg in the obscure nest from which he pitched his wing: so can we not help comparing what we remember of the modest beginnings of schools we knew in our youth, with the grand and comprehensive sweep of our present public Seminaries, Free Academies and great colleges of learning? Prim, precise Mother Always (as she was known) sat in her rocker, her ancient silver spectacles lifted from the nose, rod in hand (for in those days the hide was by no means tenderly considered), diligently forwarding and expediting by reasonable stages her little flock of innocents up the roads and over the rugged hills of knowledge. She it was that opened the first gate of knowledge to me, making me a boy—a four-year-old—master of the magical staff of A, B, C, placing all the world at my command. It was all head and hand work in those days, main personal strength of teacher and learner, that achieved anything. In those days there were no picture-books, no colored primers, block-letters, toys, sliding alphabetical contrivances of encouragement; but the twenty-six primary monsters of the language, to be met in their naked hideousness, and conquered one by one in open battle. No singing, no combination in classes, no division of labor; it was a work of salvation, in which each little struggler was put to dig out his own deliverance; no straps nor whips to carry books; but an unmistakable bag, in a string about the neck, if the invoice amounted to so much—at any rate, the plain old spelling-book in the dingy blue shingle cover, on the worst (that is to say to us now in the fifties, the best) of paper. Severity! Have you ever looked on a general at the crisis of battle? A judge delivering a sentence of death with a black cap on? A tiger at feeding hour? Mother Always, kindly-hearted woman as she was, when she came to the house to take tea with the parents out of school-hours, could have cut her portrait, and given them odds in the ability of features and unwavering resolution of purpose. And so serene in her Quaker cap and black silk gown (her company dress), she looked upon her with the peace and timor of the Catholic looks up to a favored saint of the church. I tremble when I think of her—although I have practiced law and been a judge and jury in my time.

her pale, unmoving, quiet features, stepped out of the past, with a dreadful account: to settle of forgotten alphabets, misreckoned sums, loiterings to schools, and trancies of absence. She, too, has never changed her relations one jot, or in a single relaxed look, toward her childish scholars. Samuel D., the Congressman, is still in the first form with her; Barney H., although a mighty College Professor, is still stumbling in words of two syllables; R. N., though accounted one of the most correct and finished writers of the land, is still blundering in his accident with her. No attempt at a greater familiarity of any one of all has ever, so far, succeeded with her. She still holds the rod in *terrorem* in all her encounters. A blessing on her careful steps—wherever they tread now! Though it is many a day since they fearfully crossed us—may she still linger long upon earth to appropriate to herself, as she quietly does, all their achievements; weaving in upon the plain ground of her Quaker cap, all the laurels and chaplets and glories they are earning. She it is, in her way of looking at it, that sits upon the Judge's bench; writes all those fine books, and delivers all those great speeches in the House. "For," she reasonably asks "what would they all have been without me?" True, venerable mother! It was you who took down the bars, and let us into those wide pastures; you instructed our timid teeth in those first cautious nibblings, and shall we now deny the voice of the shepherdess? The tree has grown, and has spread wide its verdurous branches; but it was you that had the acorn in your pocket (that mysterious cavern where so much disappeared), and if you and others of your kindred had not had the goodness to plant it, would our beloved city have been at this happy hour other than a waste howling wilderness, without college roof or academy spire, to lift its cheerful summit over our heads, and the heads of our children?

When Capt. John Smith sailed up the James River in the early days of Virginia, while it was a new country, his heart leaped within him at the sight of the bottom-lands, the huge green trees, the clear, deep waters; but what touched him most was the vast abundance and variety of game flying about. The writer, the sketcher of men and things, when he enters the mouth of the great old-time Bowery, at Chatham Square, is similarly affected. He is at the entrance of the greatest street on the Continent, the most peculiar, the most American, the most peculiar; with all sorts of game, plenty of high grass, so to speak, deep water, and heavy timber before him. And he learns a peculiar lesson of art and nature, as I did once, when my grandfather treated me to a show at 9-1-2. He cannot turn his pen in any direction without bringing down some rare beast or strange wild-fowl. At the first step he has the Mastodon (the largest of known creatures), exhibited in a transparency by Dr. Beach, with music in the balcony extensively patronized and highly approved of by crowded audiences along the sidewalk. Seeing how the hat stores swarm already, one would think these Boweryites were a many-headed race—something like the Anthropophagi, with a difference—and wore three hats (as certain gentlemen ride three horses) apiece. Immortal Charlotte Temple, and that profligate British officer—this little yellow house under the tree at the corner was the scene of all that! And now we have the North American Hotel, with the ragged wooden boy a-top (a full length of the founder as he appeared in his early fortunes), and in its doorway, clustering like bees in midsummer, the circus-riders, in highly-colored cravats, who perform at night over the way; and standing about the neighboring tavern-steps, an infinite variety of young men, all well dressed, with coats of a particular cut, shiny hair, and a peculiar glazed look about the eye. What is the business or calling of these young men? No mortal man has been able to discover! They are not connected with the Bowery Theatre next door, nor the Amphitheatre over the way even; nor with the taverns at their back. And yet they are always standing along these stoops day after day, night after night, the supply never gives out—steady, constant as the sun and stars, they come out upon the face of daylight and darkness. The conspicuous figure that moves along here is the theatrical Colossus of the East Side, who towers and flourishes, the observed of all observers—Tom Hamblin by name.

We begin now to appreciate how miscellaneous a world the Bowery is, for at every step we have taken, a new business, a new kind of shop and traffic has disclosed itself; saddleries, stove-shops, poulterers' stands, stage-offices, clothiers, grocers, druggists, jewelers, candy and peanut stands, four-cent boards, etc. We have counted no less than two hundred and forty distinct trades carried on in the line of the Bowery. What is not to be had and seen there, can be found nowhere. As a general, an almost universal rule, business in the Bowery is done on a small scale, with more of an eye to comfort than splendor. There are no great plate-glass windows, no gorgeous jewellers' shops, no overpowering furniture establishments. The only attempts at magnificence—and these do not partake of the brilliant—are in sundry clothing emporiums, stacked high to the very ceiling, and hung thick along the shop fronts with great Bowery overcoats, blazing waistcoats, and everlasting pants—all constructed as for a race of big-blimed, and broad-chested giants. Among all the numberless stores and ware-rooms of that street, we cannot remember a single undertaker's shop or coffin-warehouse in its whole length. Life is too cheerful and full-flushed in that street to allow of such an impertinence. It inclines, on the contrary, to excess of enjoyment and animal indulgence, and keeps itself in high tone with perpetual raw oysters and stiff smashes. We staid, from actual count, that there are no less than twenty-seven oyster-houses and fifty-two taverns in the Bowery—enough to keep the street at fever-heat through the whole twenty-four hours. By a wise provision of nature, there is no end to the sights to be seen in this Bowery thoroughfare; it is a perpetual kaleidoscope, from morning till night something rare and strange constantly starting up. It is to the study of what passes in the street that the Boweryites are mainly indebted for what they get of education. They trouble themselves very little with gilt-edged annuals, Greek Dictionaries, or McCullough on Commerce. They take things in the lump; a pound of sugar costs at wholesale six cents, Mr. Bowery retails it at eight, and makes a couple of cents profit. That he understands. A man presents himself with a broken nose, low forehead, and a sinister cast in his eye; Mrs. Bowery knows him to be a villain (although she has never made the acquaintance of Iago), and keeps her grown-up daughters out of the way accordingly. In their personal deportment, the Bowery people are perfectly independent—every man for himself. You needn't trouble yourself to put a coat on when you go into that street, if it is not agree-

able; no one will cut you for that breach of etiquette. They are as near to a primitive state as people in a great city can be, preserving their original traits pretty much as they came from the hand of Nature. In their unsophisticated curiosity about sights, for example, the last monkey that comes into the street excites as vivid attention as the first. Monkeys are monkeys in the Bowery, and have a respect and consideration bestowed on them there, far beyond any other part of the city, some of the remotest regions of the extreme Eastern side alone excepted.

Some have expressed a belief that the people of that whole section of the city lying east of Broadway are composed of different material from the settlers about Fifth avenue and Union Square; that they are an essentially distinct and inferior race. This is the doctrine, I believe, taught in many of the fashionable academies, in the best dancing-schools, and in both our Collegiate Institutions. One unmistakable evidence that they are a somewhat degraded caste is, that they pay their debts much more regularly than the high-toned people of the Western quarter. We do not know whether this distinction, in regard to the two sides of the town, is laid down in the new geographies or marked in the city maps; but we are confident that there are thousands in the western part of the city (grown-up men and women) who couldn't find their way to the Bowery without a guide.

Is human life, take it altogether, happiest in Broadway or the Bowery? On the aristocratic or democratic side of New York? In the one it's short-cake—substantial, but perhaps a little lumpy; in the other, fancy tea-cake, with all sorts of caraway-seed and dainty frost-work—with an inclination, perhaps, to engender flatulence. The one looks after the useful—the other the ornamental. The one is especially careful to fill his belly—the other to illuminate his back. Light goods, of more show than substance, are for Broadway wear—heavy, with a strong tendency to coarseness, for the Bowery. The one thinks more of the homely virtues—the other of the elegant accomplishments. And yet we would not take it upon our consciences to affirm that the road to Heaven lies straight through the Bowery than Broadway—that the workman's tin-kettle is a better provision for the journey than the flageolet rattle of the lady of fashion. While in Broadway (to rest a moment there) the apparel is notable for its neatness and careful arrangement, the people of the Bowery have, all of them, an appearance as if they had got up of a sudden and dressed in a hurry—with the exception, now and then, of a notability who is known as a Bowery dandy. The style of this gentleman's costume is startling and extraordinary. Blazing colors—stark-staring blue for coat, brick-red for waistcoat, breeches with a portentous green stripe, hat brushed up to the highest gloss, shiny as a new kettle—he rolls down the Bowery a perfect Meteor, before whose slightest scintillation a Broadway exquisite would dwindle to undistinguishable nothingness. The Broadway dandy dresses snug and small, reducing his person by 'stays and pulleys, close-fitting coats, pants, vests and gloves. The Bowery dandy would impress you with an idea of largeness, strength; he swells his chest, makes broad the brim of his hat, the skirts of his coat—cats close his hair, which conveys a notion of vigor—and as for gloves, his muscular, broad, brown hand speaks for itself—he has never been known to wear them. You see no children in Broadway—the little, tricked out things in fringed pantalettes, fantoccini coats, and South American castors, are scarcely to be reckoned children; in the Bowery they swarm and multiply—the real bare-legged bread-and-butter caters; they pour down from up above, flood in from the side-streets—seem to spring, mushroom fashion, out of the very ground. On the occasion of a public procession or *entree*, there is no end to them; for, in this street, processions have a heartier acknowledgment and reception—here, as in ancient Rome, on the transit of a great man (they don't always insist on the first order of greatness either), the democracy mount the awning-posts, windows, roofs—yes, to their very chimney-tops with their children in their arms.

Does not the Bowery, you ask, grow torpid and lethargic under such a great burden of sight-seeing as you describe? Indifferent—so that, at last, it is difficult, if not impossible, to move or startle it, by any exhibition, however prodigious? We confess there is something in this. But if we were asked what we had known to affect it most strongly—what had wrought it in its whole length to the highest pitch of attention and wonder—we should unhesitatingly mention the Mammoth Ox, Daniel Lambert, which came in from West Farms, in the year '40, we think it was. No! We should make an exception in behalf of the Tiger, which, escaping from the old Menagerie at 9-1-2, made its appearance in the street one autumn morning, and went about the better part of the day, trying on hats, putting his nose in divers sugar-barrels, and glaring at small fat children in good case, in second-story windows. The business occupied the attention of the Bowery for better than a fortnight.

The Bowery is the main thoroughfare for the country-stages, and in spite of the rise and progress of railroads, a few of the old Whips are to be found lingering around the Westchester County Hotel, early in the morning. But at this hour, the street is mainly filled with porters making for the down-town stores, then after their clerks; then the sempstresses and binders' girls. All its ordinary and lawful uses being disposed of, we find it quite a common thing, in our opinion very reprehensible, for certain of our great nobles who have a sincere respect for a shilling-piece, and who occupy some of the best houses in Broadway and the fashionable squares, to make a convenience of the Bowery when they have a small bundle to carry home. They can fetch and carry here with impunity, at a very small risk of encountering their fashionable friends. A better class, but of the same kidney—men of a benevolent turn, but not indifferent to appearances, transport pine-apples and other little nick-nacks to their families in this manner, by hand, through the Bowery. We should not be surprised if the residents one day rose against this abuse of their street.

Another practice, allowable perhaps to the infirmity of human nature; down-town men, whose residences lie in the West, in Waverly-Place and thereabouts, on the laying over of their first note at the bank, as a common thing make their way home for that afternoon (though altogether out of their way) through the Bowery. By this means, and it is we suppose a pardonable weakness, they avoid not the face of men, but the face of those men whose good opinion is their life-breath. In the first flush of misfortune they dare not encounter them. In truth the Bowery is very much

haunted by broken merchants, men in bad hats, gentlemen under indictment at the Sessions; the smaller class of reporters and scribblers sometimes take their "drinks" in the Bowery. If bad luck in any shape is on you, you may walk the Bowery with safety; nobody will pry into your troubles, or think any the less of you for a coat out at elbows. If you're just out of prison they'll forgive you. In a word, it's the only noble-spirited and Christian street in New York!

If you will be good enough to follow me we will cross over the way, and pass down Catharine street to the middle of a block, in which is indented a boarded alleyway leading into the back yard at the rear of Mr. Lyon's school, and which alleyway is associated with one of the most painful failures of my life. When we come back I will speak of that; now we will climb the outside stairway, and find the good-hearted teacher who invites me to warm my little feet upon the stove, meanwhile allowing me to nourish myself with a barber-pole, which was a very nice arrangement. Mr. Lyons carries me a stage further in knowledge than the little academy in the crooked street. School is over, and I return through the alleyway, and fall again to climb it as I saw other boys (with longer legs), and fall again. I shed tears of mortified pride and creep home, wondering why my legs were so short. A little further down the street we come to an array of rusty hardware spread on boards in front of the store of a tenant of my father's, one Owen O'Connor, who from that beginning, namely, traffic in merchandise of that kind damaged by fire and water, has since owned the Frankfort House, the Grand Circle Hotel, the Astor Place Hotel, the Grant House in the New Bowery, and a new hotel on Chatham Square. Up Catharine street we find the wooden ware store of James Y. Watkins (elder brother of Harry Watkins, the well-known actor), who has kept steadily on the same spot for fifty years. We must now step around the corner at the foot of the Bowery, where we will find at 9-1-2 a wild-beast show, to which I am invited by my grandfather, who has come in from the country with his Christmas poultry. At the door of the show is a terrific cartoon of a "great Bengal tiger," the showman boldly approaching headforemost the Bengalee with fearfully distended jaws. Inside we see the show; but when the head-swallowing performance is given, a raw countryman standing by dissents. "What's the matter?" asks the showman. "Matter enough; you don't give us a fair show; you didn't stick your head more'n half in." "Is that what you say?" retorts the showman. "Now, my dear friend, let me tell you a thing or two. I know that beast rather better than you do, and I've always made it a rule not to put my head fuddier down his throat than I can fetch it out afore he gets his jaws to." CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

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